

he was obliged to hurry back to Paris,
not to be
out of reach of his doctor.

Paris, with all its faults, must have
wonderful
attractions, for *I* am pestered by
correspondents,
such as Madame Martinville, Chevalier
Jerning-
ham, &c., who are dying to come in. *I*
am sure
I cannot tell what they expect to find,
and I
advise them to wait patiently until
there is a
peace.

If I am here when the season
serves (which
I dare say I shall be, for any negotiation
by Lord
Malmesbury seems to me a farce), I will
take care
to send you the pomponne roses.

What an event, your plants of lady's-
slipper
blowing! I had long given them all up.
Apropos,
at the Pressoir, the other day, I found
the most
beautiful bee-orchis I ever saw. I meant
to have
painted and sent it to you, but an
old hag of
an *abbesse defroquée* took it to look at
and broke
it all to pieces.

July *ixth*,
1797.

You that know the people here so
well (and
they are not much altered) will not be

surprised,
but t I am sure, highly diverted, with the
escapade